

"Keeps Off Flies" It's Big Job, Guarding The 'Honey'

By IRVING PERLMETER

WASHINGTON, March 28—(Wide World)—President Roosevelt tapped a bachelor, Leo T. Crowley, to face the \$7,000,000,000 temptation of alien property custodianship—a job which was a ticket to prison for another man a generation ago.

On a bleary day last December, right after Pearl Harbor, a big fellow with snow-white hair sat down in the president's office.

"Leo," the president said, "we had only one scandal out of the World War. That was in the alien property custodian. I want you to take it this time, and see to it that we don't have another one."

Crowley's appointment makes him the new champion office-holder in Washington. He will continue as chairman of the federal deposit insurance corporation and as chairman and president of the \$1,000,000,000 Standard Gas and Electric company, which has headquarters in Chicago. Jesse Jones used to hold the record for titles, until most of his activities as federal loan administrator were consolidated recently with his position as secretary of commerce.

Even Crowley doesn't know what all he'll control in his new job. Alien properties include hundreds of businesses, especially some large pharmaceutical, chemical and photographic concerns. There are a large number of Japanese farms and fishing boats, and thousands of bank accounts.

If you want a mountainous pile of gold bars, a Texas ranch, a Washington apartment house, a rubber patent, a pile of scrap iron, a fistful of diamonds, a bale of stocks and bonds—Crowley has it. At least, he has authority over it. He has authority to manage these properties or dispose of them in the name of the government.

Some people think of Crowley's new job as a swell plum.

"It's a nasty job. I didn't ask for it," is Crowley's comment.

He's already had to install a special subordinate outside his door to handle a deluge of job-hunters, favor seekers, and law-



LEO T. CROWLEY

yers and businessmen wanted to know what to do about some foreign-owned property, process or business.

"The money he'll handle will be all foreign money," regarded by many people as "fair game." Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau recently described the problem in these words:

"Where there's honey, there will be flies."

Five feet ten, weighing about 180 pounds, with white hair surrounding pink cheeks, Crowley is one of the most distinctive figures in Washington, although he engages in virtually no social life.

He chews up half a dozen cigars every day, but lights one only about twice a year. Sinus trouble made him give up both smoking and drinking years ago.

When he gets lonesome, he usually calls in subordinates for a game of rummy or penny-ante poker. His bridge is touted to be of expert caliber.

He was born 52 years ago in Milton Junction, Wis., and was reared and educated in Madison. Beginning at the age of 21, he owned at various times a wholesale paper concern, a wholesale grocery house, an oil distributing company, a chain of grocery stores, and a bank. His brothers still run most of them.

He has never run for office, but has been active in both state and national politics. He is reported to have declined the chairmanship of the democratic national committee in 1940.

Crowley is known about Washington for his ability to keep out of factional fights. Recently Morgenthau sought bitterly to keep control of alien property and even claimed publicly that he had won the fight. Crowley, instead of following the usual Washington custom of leaving a blast to the press, told reporters he could not dispute the secretary's word.

But Crowley got the job.

Save-A-Buck Plea

BUFFALO, Wyo.—(P)—Ranchers report a rare albino buck antelope is roaming the hills near Sussex. Citizens appealed to game warden to protect the rare specimen from hunters during the open season.

Features

Sunday Morning, March 29, 1942 Sec. 2—Page 7

New Flax Plant Ready



The new \$30,000 flax processing plant at Brush Creek will be ready to care for the 2000 acres of flax which have been contracted for this year in the Silverton vicinity, according to T. T. Leonard, heading the flax plant company. First unit of the plant has already been constructed and building will go on as rapidly as circumstances permit. Refuse from the temporary plant at Silverton is being hauled to the grounds here.

The "How" of Strawberry Barrels

Cooperage Garden Attracts Attention, Yields Fruit

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Strawberry barrels are coming into considerable favor this spring. Gardeners who have but little space and like the taste of fresh strawberries from their own gardens are planning to grow theirs by the barrel.

The first—and still one of the most successful—strawberry barrels I have seen was that made by the late W. S. Jack, Silverton gardener. His barrels—for he had two—were not only an ornament to the garden, but also produced all of the fresh fruit during the everbearing strawberry season that he and Mrs. Jack cared to have.

His barrels were 50-gallon affairs. Many prefer the smaller 10-gallon beverage kegs. A keg of this size can accommodate 25 holes for plants. Space off the holes and mark where they are to be cut. The more holes go to the top—say around 12 in the first section, eight in the second and five in the bottom section.

Mr. Jack took one-inch bit and brace and bored three holes two inches apart in a triangle shape and knocked out the center. Drill around six holes in the bottom for drainage. In his large barrels, Mr. Jack used the regular tiling pieces in the center and filled the soil in around these.

In the smaller barrels it might be wise to get a piece of galvanized pipe the length of the barrel. This should be at least two inches in diameter. If you use the pipe you will have to punch holes in it by means of a large nail and hammer. Put plenty of holes in so that the pipe can give out water up and down the entire length. If you use the tile draining—in the larger barrel—naturally, you will not have to make any holes in it.

Now place the pipe or tile right in the center of the barrel. The next step is the filling process. Mr. Jack stressed the importance of rich soil. He used one part rich, well-sorted barnyard fertilizer, one part good garden loam, one part leaf mould and one part sand. These were mixed thoroughly in a large wooden box.

Be sure there isn't a hole in the center of the keg in the bottom, or your water will run out of the pipe instead of seep through to the plants. Place an inch of gravel in the bottom, being sure that none of the little rocks plug the drainage holes. Then fill up the barrel with soil to the first holes in the lower section. Then take your strawberry plants—everbearing varieties, preferably—and place one in each hole. Spread the roots out well and do not let the crown be covered by the soil. Firm the soil very well down over the roots, fill to the next set of holes, set your plants, fill again, until the top of the barrel is reached. In the top set out a few plants. The drain pipe should come about two inches above the soil.

When everything is done in the way of planting, set the whole in bright sunshine, and fill the tile or pipe with water. The plants, the sun, the water and fertilizer will do the rest. But remember that everbearing strawberries do not come into fruit in May—wait until later in the summer.

Mr. Jack painted his barrels white. They were very attractive on the green grass. A dull red or "garden" blue paint may also be used. I prefer the natural weather-beaten look of the unpainted barrel.

During the summer, use the drain pipe to feed the berries a liquid fertilizer. Strawberries like a lot of food—particularly potash and phosphate. A little nitrogen is good in the beginning, but too much gives the plants a rather sickly look and the berries a rather mushy feeling.

Keep rotating the barrel so that the sun hits it on all sides at one time or another.

Keep rotating the barrel so that the sun hits it on all sides at one time or another.

Any Scraps Today?

SUPERIOR, Wis.—(P)—Even the absent-minded transients here remember Pearl Harbor. To qualify for a handout at the Salvation Army headquarters, they must show the city collecting waste paper, scrap iron and tin.

Wise or Otherwise Gardening? Grant Gets 1 Tomato

By ETHAN GRANT

To me there is no prettier sight than a healthy green garden, with its symmetrical rows of peas and beans and lettuce and beets and carrots and tomatoes. I love to look at a pretty garden. But I am not making a garden this year. I made a garden once before, thank you. Four years ago, while waiting for my typewriter and toaster and favorite easy chair to be shipped out from Detroit.

With a borrowed spade I spent ten days tussling with the tufts of a vacant lot adjacent to our home. I spent another two days raking and leveling and fertilizing and measuring off the rows and planting the seeds according to the book and the moon.

It was a truly beautiful job, done with precise and artistic pattern. The neighbors, who were strangers to us then, looked and never guessed that it could be the handiwork of a novice. And proudly did I strive to cooperate with nature throughout the long summer, hoeing and watering and guarding against weeds and insects, and never suspecting that nature would let me down.

But she did. The vines and the stalks grew with flourish and staidness. I tilled and watched and waited, anticipating the abundant harvest. Nothing productive of my perspiration and inspiration occurred, even after other gardens were grown and producing. I found some consolation in the thought that mine was a backward garden, and would produce when others had all gone through the kitchen.

From an upstairs window late one afternoon in September, I happened to glance down and spot a speck of something red, almost hidden in the wilted herbage like a lone chigger on the back of a hound dog. I took a three-point bearing on the location and rushed down to investigate. Searching eagerly among the vines I eventually uncovered what turned out to be a fully developed tomato approximately as large as the ball of my thumb.

And that was the sole product of the entire vacant lot, and if I hadn't glanced out the window at precisely the right time, when the sun's rays happened to strike the precious gem just right, I'd never have found it. So I'm not making a garden this year. Or ever again.

★ ★ ★
People I wonder what's become of: Colonel Lindbergh, Thomas E. Dewey, Al Smith, Cash-and-Carry Pyle, One-Eyed Connelly, Happy Hooligan, and Robert W. Service. The last I heard of Mr. Service, he was reported by a San Francisco reporter to be living in Paris, where, the reporter reported, he had stated in a letter that he was trying to forget Dangerous Dan McGrew and The Lady That Was Known as Lou.

★ ★ ★
If your movie hero happens to be that singing cowhand who nonchalantly rolls a cigarette with one hand while galloping into the teeth of a prairie hurricane, brother, you can have him. I'll take a lounge lizard or Donald Duck. One night we came home from a movie and THEY wanted to see ME roll a cigarette with one hand. And I'd never rolled a cigarette in my life.

And I don't believe that cowhand did it. At least I couldn't, not even standing in the middle of the living room and with both hands and three others and the dog trying to help. I did manage to roll something, but THEY refused to let it be called a cigarette. And THEY said I wasn't he-man. Of course, maybe, if I'd had a horse and a prairie hurricane and the mirrors with which they do tricks in the movies.

But who wants to be that type of he-man, anyway?

★ ★ ★
We also saw another Superman picture. The one in which he caught the train robbers who tried to wreck the Chattanooga chooch by the dastardly trick of blowing up a bridge. The bridge fell and the train was falling, when Superman caught it in mid-air, the engine and all six coaches, and got it across the canyon and back on the track without even breaking a fingernail or waking up the passengers.

Those are the things Superman does in all his movies. Simple little things like that. And I keep wondering why in the dickens he doesn't really haul off and do

issued this book to officers as a handbook of information about the islands. Both these volumes were issued under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Building Material Specials WHILE QUANTITIES LAST

No. 3 2x4 S4S, per 1000.....\$17.50
3" and 10" Shipap, per 1000.....\$17.00
Several 100 ft. of soil pipe all sizes. Lots of soil pipe fittings all sizes. Also greenhouse glass, doors, sash, some plumbing fixtures, rail roofing, shafting, pulleys, hangers, ply board, nails and enamel.

BURT'S WAREHOUSE

1416 So. 12th St., Salem Phone 3218

something impossible, like tightening the door knobs so they'll stay tightened, or fixing the vacuum cleaner so it'll stay fixed, or explaining to a 10-year-old boy why 80 percent of an airplane's lift is on the top side of the wings so he can understand it.

★ ★ ★

I've just finished reading a tome of scientific wisdom on the origin of languages. According to the learned author, the words we use began with grunts and gestures. Desires were expressed by grunting, emotions by gesturing. And, according to the learned author, the man of today who employs gestures as an aid to speech may "still possess some of the traits of the ape."

I'm not very learned, but I don't think I've ever seen an ape that expressed his emotions with gestures. Have you?

The Safety Valve Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: If necessity demands it, no one should complain at rationing sugar, and other essential commodities. But why not control as well the large amounts of sugar being changed into alcohol and consumed as a beverage?

A certain amount of sugar is needed to keep in good physical trim. But most people will argue that beverage alcohol is not a necessity, and that excessive use of it, rapidly reduces the efficiency of the drinker. The Red Cross First Aid textbook does not recommend whiskey as a stimulant in any accident.

Sen. Brewster of Maine is authority for the statement that "the sale of liquor at Pearl Harbor has now been forbidden." We are led to wonder if this is a case of "locking the barn after the horse is stolen?"

France had too large a production of wine and not enough of food—we can't afford to make the same mistake! It's hardly fair to allow the person who consumes a large share of his sugar allowance in alcohol to have the same amount of sugar as the person who uses no alcohol as a beverage.

After all, the sugar rationing should not develop into a serious handicap—if the limit on acreage of sugar beets is removed and proper encouragement given to increase production, an ample supply should soon be obtained.

Possibly some parts of Oregon are suitable for producing sugar beets. And possibly some of our Japanese-Americans could be given work in growing them.

But if the "strain and stress" of war conditions are allowed to drive the boys in training, as well as those outside, to drinking and carousing, irreparable damage will be done.

To my mind the only wise course is to forbid or greatly limit the sale of liquor, and provide wholesome recreation and amusement.

FRANK W. MICHENER,
Route 1, Salem.

Manila Most American Of Foreign Cities

MANILA, PI-(P)—Manila manages to be a most American city without having many American residents. Road signs and street lights, movies and merchandise, automobiles and street cars look like the USA. That's happened since 1898 when Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet to capture what then was a Spanish colonial town with typical churches, palaces, dress and customs.

The city of 623,000 people is at the mouth of the muddy Pasig river which divides the old walled area from the busy modern town. Old-fashioned carabao carts come along with automobiles as well as the horse-drawn two-wheeled carromats. Dugout canoes compete with puffing tugs along the river and bay.



Like "The Man Behind the Man Behind the Gun"

We stand behind your doctor. What he orders us to do—we do! Our experienced, registered pharmacists are ready and willing to fill your prescriptions—precisely as your physician orders.

Phone 5197 or 7023

SCHAEFER'S DRUG STORE

1899—1945
Prescriptions
Accurately Filled
125 N. Commercial

GEVURTZ Beginning Monday CLEARANCE SALE



Of Exceptionally Good
USED Wood and
Electric
RANGES

Pacific Wood Range 34.50
White enamel front.

M&W WOOD RANGE 24.50
White enamel front, heat indicator.

Comet Wood Range 39.50
Full enamel, coiled.

Montag Wood Range 59.50
Colonial, enameled, gray and nickel front, 18-inch oven, copper coil.

CTA WOOD RANGE 49.50
Full ivory enamel, heat indicator. Good condition.

Montag Wood Range 34.50
Colonial, buffet shelf, heat indicator.

Monarch Electric Range 39.50
Full enamel, white.

Universal Elec. Range 39.50
Full enamel. Good condition.

Monarch Electric Range 49.50
Combination with trash burner.

M&W WOOD RANGE 59.50
Full enamel, ivory and green, buffet shelf, 18-inch oven. Good condition.

Savory Wood Range 49.50
Full enamel front, buffet shelf, heat indicator. Good condition.

Wedgewood Range 59.50
Wood, buffet shelf with reservoir, 18-inch oven. Good condition. Heat indicator.

OPAL WOOD RANGE 29.50
With warming closet.

Windsor Wood Range 39.50
Full enamel, with warming closet, 18-inch oven.

Windsor Wood Range 39.50
Full enamel, warming closet with reservoir, 18-inch oven, copper coil.

Superior Wood Range 49.50
Full blue enamel, full cast, warming closet.

Universal Wood Range 49.50
Full enamel cast range, heat indicator, buffet shelf. Good condition.

NOTE:—As there is only ONE EACH of the above, we recommend you be here EARLY Monday for the Range of your choice!

Bargains in Other Usable Used Appliances.

1 Oil Cir. Heater 4 to 5-Room Capacity 49.50
1 TRASH BURNER Enamel Front, Coiled 34.50
1 Hot Water Heater National Electric, 40-Gallon Capacity 49.50

COLEMAN

GEVURTZ

275 N. Liberty Phone 4615